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**I'M FROM  
MISSOURI**



*By*

**HUGH M<sup>c</sup>HUGH**

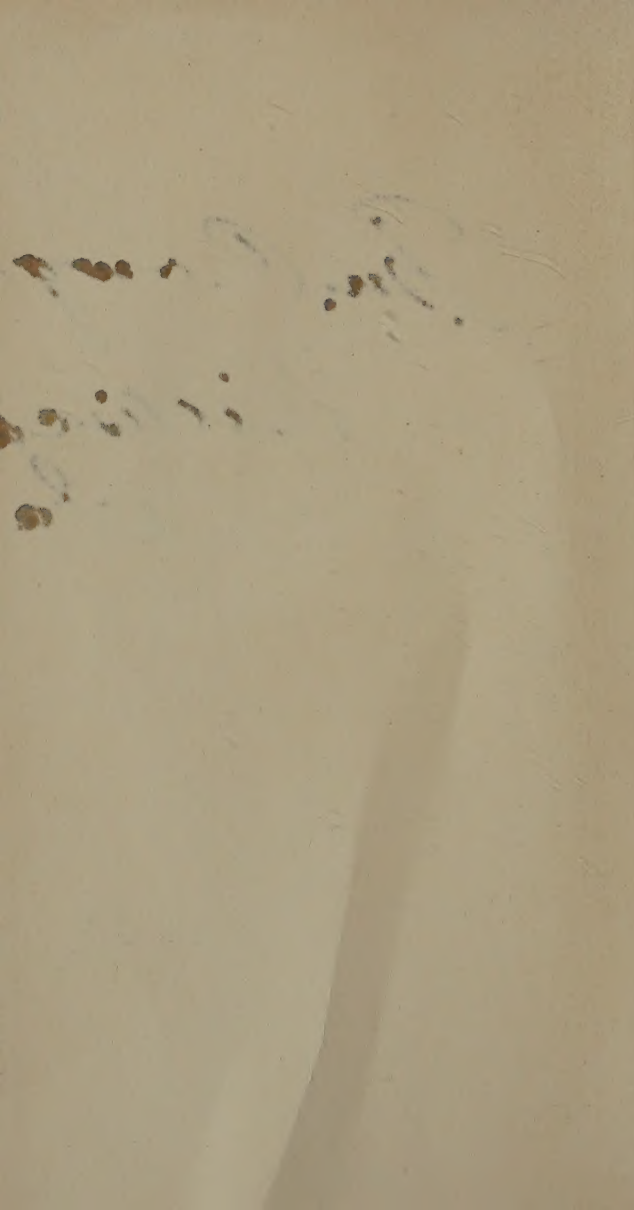


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I'M FROM MISSOURI







"Peaches wouldn't take a stand-off  
so I put her wise."—Page 27

*Frontispiece*

# I'M FROM MISSOURI

(THEY HAD TO SHOW ME)

By HUGH McHUGH

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HENRY," "DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY,"  
"IT'S UP TO YOU," "BACK TO THE WOODS," "OUT  
FOR THE COIN," "I NEED THE MONEY," ETC.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON H. GRANT

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*I'M FROM MISSOURI*

*Dear Friends:*

*There are only five real Knockers in the United States.*

*One of them conducts the Oatmeal column on a Chicago half-sheet and the other four is the Prunes Editor who gets \$8 per week on a Baltimore paper for throwing the hooks into the "John Henry" books. I have their names and history and in book No. 9 I'll tell you all about their graft.*

*The Landlady to whom the Baltimore Cut-up owes a bunch of room rent informs me that if Reuben the Roaster could write a series of books which would reach a total sale of 450,000 copies his speed getting to a publisher would be 1.27 flat; Chain Lightning, 2d; Empire State Express, 3d. Royal Blue and Twentieth Century Limited also ran.*

*Lie down, Knocko, you bad dog!*



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# I'M FROM MISSOURI

## CHAPTER I.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A CHOICE.

**S** EVEN of 'em?" inquired Bunch, with a grin.

"Yes," I said; "seven of Ruraldene's most prominent citizens have asked Uncle Peter to run for Mayor."

"Is he game?"

"Is he game!" I chortled; "why the way he fell for it was pitiful. The moment the spokesman guy began to heat the piazza with the steam-coated language Uncle Peter did a hoodah, and when they mentioned the word Mayor he went up in the air feet first and began to bark at the scenery."

"Do you think he'll be elected?" Bunch cut in.

"It's a moral," I answered. "He'll win hands down—in the pockets—and the odor of burning money won't do a thing to the local atmosphere. Say, Bunch, I hate to see Uncle Peter go up against the political ghost-dance at his time of life—and with all that mazoom! Why, as soon as the glad tidings spread around that he was overboard a flock of ward-heelers hit the lawn in front of the villa and we had to hide every pocketbook in the house."

"Why don't you cure him?" laughed Bunch.

"Now don't pull that," I snapped. "The suggestion that we should cure Uncle Peter of race-trackitis came from the cozy-corner in your upper story which you are pleased to call your brain, and what happened to us? Nix, Bunch, I've resigned from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Uncle Peter's Bank Account. It's my play to let him splash around in the political mud baths till he cures him-

self. Never again will I make up for Rufus the Reformer and stand between Uncle Peter and the red lights. It's up to him if he wants to take the weights off the lid."

"What ticket is he on?" asked Bunch.

"I'll give you eight guesses," I answered. "From the line of talk the old man hands out I'm afraid it must be a mileage ticket."

"Well, who's running against him?" Bunch insisted.

"You can search me," I said. "I don't believe the opposition can find any one with a roll big enough to stand the pressure. It's a mighty fat wad that doesn't feel ashamed of itself when it stacks up to Uncle Peter's rake-off. When's the wedding, Bunch?"

"Oh, Uncle William Gray has put it off another year," sighed Bunch. "He says I have yet to demonstrate my ability as a business man, and he won't listen to any argument. I've talked

it all over with Alice and we think seriously of eloping."

Before I could hand Bunch the sympathetic mitt Aunt Martha came bustling out on the veranda followed by Uncle Peter, who, in turn, was followed by Lizzie Joyce, our newest and latest cook.

Lizzie wore a new lid, trimmed with prairie grass and field daisies, hanging like a shade over the left lamp; she had a grouchy looking grip in one hand and a pink parasol with black freckles in the other. She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the station.

Aunt Martha greeted Bunch, and then whispered plaintively, "Lizzie has been here only two days and this makes the seventh time she has started for town."

Busy Lizzie took the centre of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, Mem!" she announced, with considerable bitterness.

Uncle Peter made a brave effort to scowl back at her, but she flashed her lanterns at him and he fell back two paces to the rear.

"What is it this time, Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, folded her arms, and said, "Oh! I have me grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt Martha, and said in a hoarse whisper, "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all!"

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzie.

"It occurs to me," he began in polished accents, "that this is an occasion upon which I should publicly point out to you the error of your ways, and send you back to your humble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household."

"S'cat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's come-back, "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

But Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth," he said, sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language it behooves me to reprimand you severely. I will, therefore——"

Then Lizzie and the pink parasol struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose, and cut in: "G'wan away from me with your dime novel talk or I'll place the back of me unladylike hand on your jowls!"

"Peter!" warningly exclaimed the perturbed Aunt Martha.

"Yes, Martha; you're right," the old gentleman said, turning hastily. "I



"G'wan away from me with your  
dime-novel talk!"—Page 16



must hurry and finish my speech of acceptance," and he faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us; "I must humor her. Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?"

"You told me, Mem, that I should have a room with a southern exposure," said the Queen of the Bungalow.

"And isn't the room as described?" inquired Aunt Martha.

"The room is all right, but I don't care for the exposure," said the Princess of Porkchops.

"Well, what's wrong?" insisted my patient Auntie.

"Sure, the room is so exposed, Mem, that every mosquito between here and Long Island City flew in there last night, Mem, and almost beat me to death with their wings," said the Baroness Bread-pudding, with acrimony. "I'm a cook, Mem; I'm no free lunch for a passel of hungry mosquitoes."

"Very well, Lizzie," said Aunt Martha, soothingly; "I'll have screens put in the windows at once and a netting over the bed."

"All right, Mem," said the Countess of Cornbeef, removing the lid, "I'll stay; but keep that husband of yours with the woozy lingo out of the kitchen, because I'm a nervous woman—I am that!" and then the Duchess of Devilledkidneys got a strangle-hold on her grouchy grip and ducked for the grub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went out in the garden where Uncle Peter was composing his first political speech.

"Bunch," I said; "this scene with Her Highness of Clamchowder ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an egg beater. We've had eighteen cooks in eighteen days, and every time a new face comes in the kitchen the dumb-waiter screams with fright.

"You can see where they've worn a new trail through the grass on the retreat to the depot.

"It's an awful thing, Bunch! My palate is weak from sampling different styles of mashed potatoes.

"We had one last week who answered roll call when you yelled Phyllis.

"Isn't that a peach of a handle for a kitchen queen with a map like Manchuria on a dark night?

"She came to us well recommended, by herself, and said she knew how to cook backwards.

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked it.

"Phyllis was a very inventive girl. She could cook anything on earth or in the waters underneath the earth, and she proved it by trying to mix tenpenny nails with the baked beans.

"When Phyllis found there was no shredded oats in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the

washtub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine.

"It wasn't a half bad breakfast food of the home-made kind, but every time I took a drink of water the sawdust used to float up in my throat and tickle me.

"The first and only day she was with us Phyllis squandered two dollars' worth of eggs trying to make a lemon meringue pot pie.

"She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped.

"Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed, 'No; my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the lawn with the carving knife.

"My wife went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner and Phyllis got back at her, 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret!'

"When the meal came on the table

we were compelled to keep the secret with her.

"It looked like Irish stew, tasted like clam chowder and behaved like a bad boy.

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working, so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his café department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us flat.

"The only thing about the house that loved her was a pair of my wife's handsome side combs, and they went with her.

"The next rebate we had in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergrast.

"James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at the roast beef.

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived.

"Eight o'clock came and no dinner. Half-past eight and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were human beings with appetites.

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number.

"He was up to 2,196,493 and still had a half a pound to go.

"James left that night followed by shouts of approval from all present.

"I'm telling you all this, Bunch, just to prove that Fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity."

Bunch laughed and shook his head. "I've waited long enough," he said, "and I intend to marry Alice before November in spite of Mr. William Gray!"

"Wait, Bunch!" I yelled suddenly; "I've got an idea! and it's a corker!"

"Your ideas usually are," Bunch came back at me.

"Drop the hammer and be good," I admonished. "This idea is a kick-apalaz all right. Get a committee to induce Uncle William Gray to run against Uncle Peter for Mayor!"

Bunch jumped to his feet. "Where does that help me?" he asked.

"Why, you can be Uncle William's campaign manager and make such a hit with him that at the finish he'll smother you and Alice in orange blossoms," I went on. "Take my tip, Bunch; it's the royal road to Cinchtown, and I'll help you on your way."

"You'll help me!" he repeated in astonishment; "against Uncle Peter?"

"Bunch!" I said, "Uncle Peter is a wise old gentleman, but he has no business sloshing around in the political puddle. If he wins this local election he'll get ambitious, and if he gets ambitious he'll go broke. Besides, he has ignored me completely in the whole matter. When the subject first came up I tried to cut in with some sound advice, but he went away out on the

ice. He told Clara J. that he would conduct his own campaign because he knows he is a born diplomat. So the fence for mine. Now take my tip, Bunch; get a committee after Uncle William Gray."

"Perhaps he won't run," Bunch said.

"Won't run when he's told that his opponent is Uncle Peter Grant!" I shouted. "Why you know as well as I do that Uncle Peter is old Bill Gray's most cherished enemy. Both of them have spent the last ten years hiding up the road and hoping each other's hearse will come along so they can scare the horses!"

"You know, John, I've been away on a four months business trip and I'm not posted on local affairs," Bunch butted in. "I noticed several shady-looking characters around the Gray villa yesterday when I called on Alice—maybe they were trying to induce the old fellow to accept the nomination. Do you really think he'll run?"

"Why, when William Gray learns that Peter Grant is running for Mayor he'll be overboard with a splash that will wet every throat in Ruraldene," I answered. "What! Uncle William let Uncle Peter be the hottest pie in the community! not on your tontine!"

"I'm beginning to like the idea," Bunch answered. "And you'll help me, John?"

I threw a willing mitt at Bunch, but before he could reach for it Uncle Peter rushed breathlessly around the corner.

"John," he panted; "I've come to my senses in this matter. Young blood is best after all. I've just decided to make you my campaign manager, and you'll steer me on to victory."

"But, just a moment, Uncle Peter;" I began, and he stopped me.

"No argument, John!" he shouted; "the honor of the family is at stake. I've just heard that old Bill Gray will accept the nomination to run on the opposition ticket and we *must* beat

him! For the honor of the family, John!"

I looked sheepishly at Bunch and Bunch looked at his hat.

"For the honor of the family," Uncle Peter repeated, "and damn old Bill Gray!"

"It's all off," I whispered to Bunch, as I took Uncle Peter's hand in mine.

Bunch took to his heels.

## CHAPTER II.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A STATEMENT.

**I** WAS sitting on the veranda the next morning studying "The Politician's Catechism," which I had found somewhere, when Clara J. declared herself in and got curious about the literature I was handling with so much interest.

"It's politics—I'm studying the game," I told her. "You wouldn't understand it, Peaches."

She wouldn't take a stand-off so I put her wise.

"I don't know who the Dope is that cooked this up," I said, "but he knows how to play ball. Listen to this:

### THE POLITICIAN'S CATECHISM.

Question—What is the first duty of a Candidate?

Answer—A duty of about 57 per cent. on his “barrel.” If the “barrel” won’t stand it, make it  $33\frac{1}{3}$ .

Question—What is a Candidate anyway?

Answer—A Candidate is a “thing” which the ward managers use for leg-pulling purposes up and until election day, when if successful the “thing” becomes “it.”

Question—In making a speech, what should a Candidate use for his opening sentence?

Answer—“I believe that a public office is a public trust.”

Question—Is this strictly new?

Answer—Oh, no! Adam used to sit on the stone fence around Eden and recite it to the birds and beasts before elocution books were printed.

Question—Then, why should a Candidate always use it?

Answer—Because usually Candidates are so busy watching their pocketbooks they haven’t time to think

original thoughts for home consumption.

Question—Name another sterling sentence which a Candidate may use with impunity.

Answer—"I am eternally, irrevocably and everlastingly opposed to everything that needs opposition during the course of such time as I may be in a position to draw a salary while opposing such things as may need opposition."

Question—Good! That reads like Alcibiades, sounds like Socrates, and means as much as a Populist platform. What is the opening sentence of the second paragraph of the first section of a Candidate's speech?

Answer—"The will of the sovereign people of this glorious ward will not let such a heinous crime go unpunished."

Question—What is the heinous crime referred to?

Answer—Damfino.

Question—Correct. Can you name

the second sentence of the third paragraph of the first section of a Candidate's speech?

Answer—"I say, let us have justice, though the heavens fall, and should any man haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

Question—What spot?

Answer—Ten spot, I suppose.

Question—Correct. Name the first sentence of the third paragraph of the fourth section of a Candidate's speech on a hot summer's night.

Answer—"I will cling earnestly to the faith of my fathers and I will resist, tooth and nail, with all my soul and with all my strength and with all my will and with all my power the machinations of those low-browed devils who seek to bend the neck of the sovereign citizens of this ward beneath their iron heels."

Question—In what ward have they low-browed devils and iron heels?

Answer—They always have 'em in

the wards where the Candidate is particularly young and effervescent.

Question—Can you repeat the first sentence of the seventeenth paragraph of the eighteenth section of a Candidate's speech?

Answer—"The office should seek the man."

Question—That sounds new and refreshing. By whom was it invented?

Answer—By a politician from Rome about the time Mr. J. Cæsar built his first summer cottage in Gaul.

Question—What is a Trust?

Answer—A Trust is a body of men entirely surrounded by money.

Question—What have the Trusts to do with the political situation?

Answer—How do I know—I haven't seen their check books.

Question—What is a platform?

Answer—A platform is a thing to stand on.

Question—What is a political platform?

Answer—A political platform is a thing to jump on.

Question—What is the Candidate's favorite expression previous to election?

Answer—"Every citizen is a sovereign, and I glory in the thought."

Question—What is a successful Candidate's favorite expression after election?

Answer—"Every citizen is an office-hunter, and they make me sick."

Question—Good! Now let us take a short recess, and eat some iced-watermelon.

---

"Are you going to make Uncle Peter study all that?" inquired Clara J. when I finished.

"No," I answered; "he'll be too busy making marks in his check book."

Before she could ask for further details the postman came trailing up the road with the morning mail.

Hank, our gardener, went down to the gate to meet him. Hank is as deaf as the conscience of a ward Boss.

"Good morning!" said the postman.

"Hey?" whispered Hank with his southpaw up to his listener.

"I say, it's a nice morning," the letter carrier yelled.

"Yes, all very well, thank ye!" Hank replied; "exceptin' my littlest gal, Genevive. She was ailin' some when I left home this mornin'."

"That's too bad," the letter carrier sympathized loudly.

"Two!" cried Hank; "oh, bless you, no! I've got nine of 'em. The oldest is twelve years and the youngest is fourteen days."

The letter carrier laughed and was on his way while Hank brought the mail to me, still talking as he sorted the letters over: "But I don't see no gold medals coming from President Roosevelt because I didn't commit a race suicide. I reckon J. Fenimore Cooper was right when he said Repub-

lics is ongrateful critters." Hank sighed and went back to his garden.

"Here's a scream from Bunch," I said opening the letter which read as follows:

Ruraldene, Tuesday.

Dear John—Mr. William Gray has appointed me his campaign manager, and I take pleasure in announcing that our prospects for success are more than hopeful. I mean to work as I have never worked before, and you may depend upon it that Mr. Peter Grant will have a hard road to travel from now until election day. Of course we don't believe in personalities or mud-slinging, but this does not blind us to the fact that old Peter Grant is the inventor of the original criminal Trust, and we will prove it to the satisfaction of the voters in this district. It must be awful to have a man like Foxy Pete in the family, and you have my heartfelt sympathy in your hour of woe. This will be one time, however, when he'll get all that's coming to him and he'll begin to get it soon.

Lovingly yours,

BUNCH JEFFERSON.

"Well, wouldn't that tie your horse," I yelled. "Bunch, my old friend and pal for years, throwing the harpoon into me and breaking it off! Gi' me a pen so I can get back at him and curl his hair."

"Wait a moment, John," suggested Clara J. "That's no way for a commander to act. If you're going to lose your temper at the first challenge of the enemy, where will you be when the real fight begins?"

"You're right, Peaches," I said, simmering down, "and that will be about all for me until Uncle Peter is elected. Bunch hit me with a hot potato when I wasn't looking and I choked up. Hereafter me with the General Grant cigar in the face and the glad wrinkles around the eyes for all comers."

Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha joined us, the latter beaming with pride and the former tapping nervously on a roll of foolscap and smiling at the universe.

"The speech of acceptance is ready,

John," Uncle Peter announced, "and I hope you'll approve and ratify my platform. If I do say it myself, this speech is an inspiration. I feel that it will be the foundation of a great political future. The more I read it over the more it reminds me of Lincoln's gifted utterances. When the Committee gets here they will listen, spell-bound. I'm sure you'll all be surprised."

Hank, the gardener, strolled up and leaned on his scythe as Uncle Peter started in.

"Fellow-citizens, taxpayers and enlightened voters of Ruraldene," the old gentleman began; "this is a momentous moment in the history of our beloved little city."

When he paused for approval Aunt Martha turned to Hank and said, "Isn't it perfectly lovely! and the language is so convincing, too!"

"No, ma'am," Hank replied, "not two, only one—Genevive, my third youngest, she's ailin' some."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the flustered old lady; "I always forget about poor Hank's affliction." Then, in a shrill scream to the gardener: "I was speaking of Mr. Grant's speech. Don't you catch its drift?"

"Catching!" answered Hank, amiably; "oh, no, ma'am! it ain't nothin' catchin'. It's just a mild attackt of asbestos—here in the chest—she wheezes frightful at times, but Genevive don't mind it. She gets it from her mother's side—asbestos ran in her family."

Then, to Uncle Peter's infinite relief, Hank hoisted his scythe and floated off.

The Candidate began again: "Fellow-citizens, taxpayers and enlightened voters of Ruraldene, this is a momentous moment in the history of our beloved little city. I have heard with a feeling of pardonable pride——"

Enter at this moment Lizzie Joyce, with the prairie grass lid, the grouchy

grip and the parasol with the freckles on it.

She was made up to stop the first passenger train that got a flash of her.

"I'm after giving you my notice, Mem," she said to Aunt Martha absolutely blind to the fact that Uncle Peter was glaring at her and boiling with indignation.

It certainly does jar a budding statesman to have the cook come out of the kitchen and put the boots to his maiden speech.

"What's the matter this time?" inquired the gentle Aunt Martha, anxious to avert a disaster.

"A strange boy just came in the kitchen and told me that I was workin' for the man that invinted the criminal Thrusts," answered Lizzie, throwing a baleful gleam at Uncle Peter, "and I'll not work for no criminal. The boy told me, too, that the man I'm workin' for spinds all his money to keep Ireland from gettin' home rule, and I quits me job."

"What!" shrieked Uncle Peter, dancing around the lawn. "I invented the criminal Trusts! I keep Ireland from getting home rule! Oh! oh! it's a villainous roorback!"

"Don't you call me no roorback or I'll beat your head off, you old porpoise!" yelled Lizzie, as she raised the parasol and sailed after our excited Candidate, but Aunt Martha's persuasions prevailed and Lizzie was led back to the kitchen.

"It's Bunch," I whispered to Clara J. "He sent that boy here to inflame the mind of our cook, and if that's his idea of political warfare we'll starve before the campaign gets started.

"Bunch!" exclaimed Clara J. indignantly; "if he has really stooped to such tactics as that I'll never speak to him as long as I live."

"Easy, Peaches!" I admonished; "the campaign is young yet, and Bunch may redeem himself. Besides, I'm going to hand him something pretty soon that will make him sit up

and notice things. There'll be a few warm moments in Bill Gray's section of Ruraldene before this fight is over—believe me."

In the meantime Uncle Peter had cooled off and was now politely receiving the local Committee which had been appointed to wait on him and receive the first official announcement that he would run on their ticket for Mayor.

Uncle Peter escorted the seven gentlemen up to the veranda and introduced them.

Gabe Malone was the chairman of the Committee, and I thought his face turned olive green with disappointment when I was presented as the Candidate's campaign manager.

I'm afraid Gabe had bought a lot of new clothes with the money he expected to coax away from Uncle Peter's campaign fund.

My delighted Uncle beamed graciously upon the Committee, which was a unit in watching for signs of a

wet spell wherein to drink the Candidate's health.

"I have worked over my speech of acceptance for several days," the old gentleman informed the Committee, as he bustled about to prepare for the great event, "and I flatter myself that it will create considerable consternation in the enemy's camp when it is publicly printed."

The Committee cheered and watched eagerly for the appearance of a tray with the balloon juice thereon.

In order to make his Committee feel more at home, for the day was hot and they were somewhat *negligé*, Uncle Peter had thrown his coat on the lawn and was playing the host in his shirt sleeves.

Presently all was in readiness. Refreshments had been served to such an extent that the Committee was prepared to yell its several lungs out, and we all awaited Uncle Peter's first oratorical effort with bursting enthusiasm.

The Candidate picked up his coat from the grass and made a most painstaking bow in the direction of the wide, wide world.

Then he put on his glasses and dove into the inside pocket of his coat for the speech which was to be the effort of his life.

A shadow of astonishment crossed his features as his hand went deeper into the pocket. All the other pockets he tried in nervous haste, and then, with a groan of despair, he yelled:

"My God! my speech has been stolen!"

A shrill scream of triumph from the direction of the roadway caused us all to turn and we caught a glimpse of a red-headed, barefooted kid standing on the gate with a roll of foolscap in one hand and the other thumb attached to the end of his nose.

"It's a bum speech anyway," yelled the grinning urchin, and with another shriek of triumph he put off down the pike to beat the wind.

"More of Bunch Jefferson's devilish work," I whispered hoarsely to Clara J., while the Committee poured out enough liquor to float the pallid Uncle Peter, and joyfully drank it themselves when he refused it.

"Bunch isn't a political fighter," I muttered bitterly; "he's a wrecker of homes."

## CHAPTER III.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A SPEECH.

**T**HE days rolled by and Ruraldene watched with increasing interest the struggle for supremacy between Mr. Peter Grant and Mr. William Gray.

From the moment the glad tidings spread around that they were out to make monkeys of each other it seemed that every voter in the community quit work and gum-shoed after the two Candidates.

Everybody knew that money would flow like water, and everybody was for putting bulkhead compartments in the clothes.

As for me!—well, Uncle Peter handed me a fat slob of a checkbook and told me to cut loose, and I became so popular in all the booze bazaars that I had to wear ice in the

derby to keep the noddle from spreading.

I worked eighteen hours a day every day and I slept with one lamp lit.

I began to notice that the Gray faction was making a big play for the women. They seemed to think that if they got the wives and mothers on their side it would be all off with the Grant prospects.

Bunch Jefferson had handbills and three-sheets all over town with cracks like these in big black type:

**GOD BLESS OUR HOME  
WHICH KNOWS NO PETER GRANT!**

**WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A  
MOTHER?  
ASK PETER GRANT, THE POLITICAL  
PIRATE.**

**WHEN WAS PETER GRANT BORN?  
AND WHY?**

"The opposition is out to jolly the women along," I explained to Uncle Peter, "because they think Mama will influence Papa's political opinions. They are throwing the taffy at Mother and getting her woozy with the happy conversation in the hope that she'll crowd Papa up in the corner and take his vote away from him. It's up to us to say a few pleasant words about Father, for, after all, it's Dad that does the heavy thinking on election day and bites deep into the lead-pencil before putting his mark on the wrong side of the ticket. Let's pass the candy to Papa and put a crimp in the opposition's plan of campaign."

"But how?" inquired Uncle Peter.

"I've cooked up a speech for you," I answered, "and it's the goods. What's more, I've fixed it so that there'll be an audience here in half an hour to hear it."

"Great Scott, John!" exclaimed Uncle Peter, "I can't make an im-

portant speech on a half-hour's notice."

"To the bench for yours," I said. "I'm going to talk for you."

"You—you are—you," he spluttered.

"Sure I am," I came back; "and why not? I'll tell 'em you have a mild attack of tonsilitis and that I have undertaken to read your speech."

"But perhaps I may not approve of all the sentiments therein," he insisted.

"Approve nothing," I said; "I'm going to make this speech and put you on Pleasant Avenue with the push. They'll think you wrote it and you'll be the hit of the show. Now be good and go gargle your sore throat."

Uncle Peter walked off shaking his head doubtfully, and I prepared for the audience, which had already begun to straggle across the lawn.

In half an hour there was a large gathering of men, women and children camped on our premises, and promptly to the minute I mounted the rostrum.

Uncle Peter, with a bandanna handkerchief around his neck, sat near me and put his hand on his forehead from time to time to indicate that he had throat trouble.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” I began, “I thank you for this goodly attendance, and beg to inform you, with sincere regret, that our Candidate has a severe attack of tonsilitis and cannot talk!”

(Cheers and cries of “Good! Good!”)

“With your kind indulgence I shall therefore read his speech, which, believe me, is an oratorical effort such as Demosthenes might be proud of and which Socrates would gladly call his own!”

(Loud cheers, during which Uncle Peter smiled and took a bow.)

“Ladies and gentlemen:—It was mutually agreed upon by both parties that this was to be a campaign free from personalities and mud-slinging, but long before the gong sounded old

Surface Bill Gray lost his temper and said things about us which burned his throat as they came out!"

(Cries of "Kill him! kill him!" which caused Uncle Peter to hastily move his chair back.)

"We don't believe in personalities or mud-slinging, ladies and gentlemen, but we will give \$5,000 to charity if old Bill Gray's heart hasn't a complexion like a coal-heaver!"

(Loud applause.)

"If, after examination, it is found that his heart hasn't a complexion like a coal-heaver, then he loses. Dare he accept this challenge?"

(Loud cries of "Ask me!")

"We have noticed, ladies and gentlemen, that the opposition is keen to shower compliments on the women, to the utter exclusion of the men. No man may say with impunity that Peter Grant is not chivalry itself in the presence of the fair sex, but is it justice to the men to lock them up in the ice-house?"

(Loud cries of "No! no!" "Let us out!")

"Why does the opposition heap compliments on Mama to the exclusion of Papa? Is this true politics? Is this the vaunted freedom for which our fathers fought and bled their country? A miscreant, a marauder, is now, in the form of old Bill Gray, leering at the ladies and seeking with sickly smiles to secure their sympathy!"

(Loud applause from the children, who thought I was beginning a fairy tale.)

"Why does the opposition continually iterate and reiterate the question, 'What is home without a Mother?' They have made this the one great political issue of the day. Has the opposition ever stopped to ask, 'What is home without a Papa?' Never, to the everlasting shame of the opposition, never!"

(Tremendous excitement and loud cheers.)

"We are determined to have justice

in this campaign, and no matter upon whose shoulders the blow may fall we ask, 'What's the matter with Dad?'"

(Loud cries of "He's all right! You bet!")

"The opposition is pleased to preface all its literature in this campaign with these words, 'God bless Home and Mother!' Now, in simple justice to the founders of this great cradle of freedom, we say to the opposition, how dare you kick Father off the front steps? Why isn't Dad's name mentioned on the bill of fare?"

(Cries of "Lynch him! Lynch him!" whereupon Uncle Peter turned pale and pointed at his sore throat.)

"Who is it, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, who is it that rises at early dawn, lights the fire, cooks a hard-boiled egg and is out kicking the dew off the grass while Mother is still chasing a new dress through the valley of Dreamland? Dad!

"Who is it that has to buy a six-dollar overcoat and then has to chase

out to the barn in the storm and let the rain melt the overcoat? Dad!

“Who is that gathers in \$18 of a pay day and has to hand out \$22 of it before sunset? Dad!

“Who is that has to meet the grocer and the butcher and the baker and the rent collector and wear out his voice trying to stand them off? Dad!

“Who buys the chicken for the Sunday dinner, carves it himself and then draws the neck from the discard after every one else is served? Dad!

“Who meets an old friend he hasn't seen for years, hoists in a few dippers of suds, moseys home with a good-natured souse only to find that Ma makes him sleep on the ironing-board in the dining-room? Dad!

“Ladies and gentlemen, we believe ‘What is home without a Mother’ as a campaign issue is untenable, and we insist that ‘What is home without a Father?’ is the one burning question of the hour—a question which has re-

mained unanswered, unhonored and unsung too long in this campaign!"

(Loud and continued cheering, many of the ladies being in tears.)

"So, ladies and gentlemen, here's to Dad!—the silent hero of the household! To Dad, the willing worker! To Dad, the humblest bit of bric-a-brac in the parlor! To Dad, who goes through life with the soft pedal on the voice! You may have many faults, dear old Dad, and you may play second fiddle with the mute on, but we'll miss you when you're gone. To Dad, ladies and gentlemen, the ace in life's pack of cards!"

The excitement was intense when I finished, and I was sure that old Bill Gray had been set back about ten feet in the estimation of the populace. There was nothing to it.

While cheer after cheer arose Uncle Peter whispered hoarsely, "John, you never said a word about my platform. I'll have to explain my position with regard to criminal Trusts!"

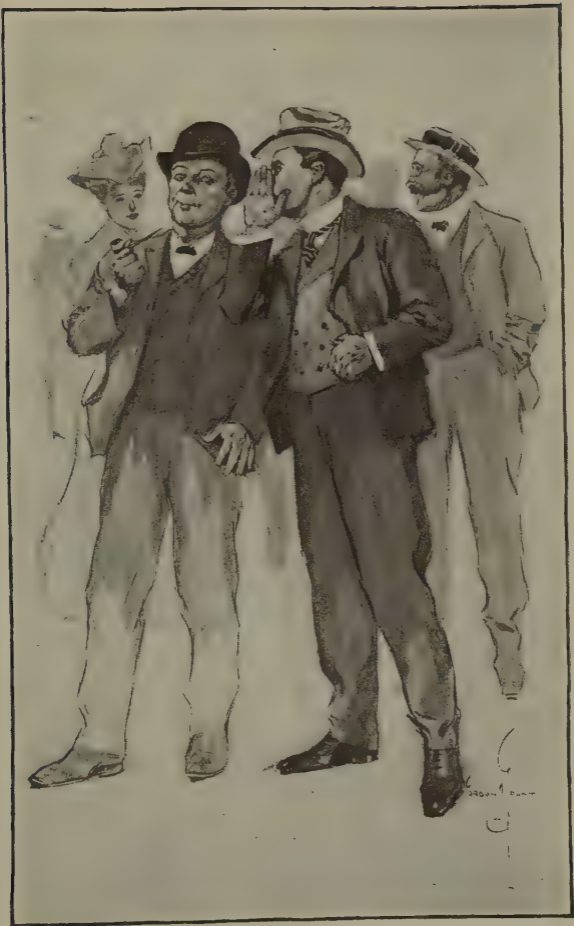
When Uncle Peter rose to address the assemblage I noticed a stranger hurrying hither and thither through the crowd, whispering in the ears of the men.

Then, just as our Candidate bowed amiably, and began, "Ladies and gentlemen," a mighty yell went up and instantly the assemblage broke, dashed for the gate and charged wildly across lots in the direction of the river, leaving as an audience for the startled Uncle Peter one woman and three babies.

"Mr. Gray sent word that he has tapped eight kegs of beer in the ball grounds," the woman informed me, "but my children ain't got no thirst for it yet. They'd rather watch the old gent make funny faces!"

Uncle Peter collapsed and Aunt Martha fanned him vigorously, while Clara J. exclaimed spitefully, "That Bunch Jefferson is a perfect fiend."

"How did you guess it?" I said, trying hard not to smile.



"There are eight kegs of beer  
in the ball grounds!"—Page 54



## CHAPTER IV.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A COMPACT.

**A**S election day drew nearer the fight waxed fiercer, and Ruraldene seemed to be very evenly divided for Gray and for Grant.

Uncle William had not yet attempted to speak in public, but his henchman, Bunch, was about the busiest mosquito that ever stung a face.

That boy was all over the place. When he wasn't handing out the Con talk to the mothers, or buying candy for the kids, he was down in the Rye Resorts helping somebody's tide to come in.

And I might as well tell you that I wasn't anybody's ossified man myself.

Bunch and I hadn't spoken since that eventful morning when Uncle Peter

called upon me to uphold the honor of the family.

We sat up nights sharpening the harpoons for each other, and it got so that every time Bunch loomed up on the horizon I growled, and every time he saw me he'd bark and run the other way.

One day I had a flash of Uncle William, with Bunch and Alice, hiking all over town in an automobile, bowing and smiling and throwing the glad gaze at the populace.

Uncle William was steering the benzine buggy and putting on more dog than a plate of sausages.

A neat bit of stage business, and the old geezer made good.

It was up to me.

I ducked for the long-distance telephone, called up a Bubble shop in New York, and ordered a motor-car, painted red, white and blue, sent to me in Ruraldene at once.

When it arrived I told Uncle Peter that he and Aunt Martha must snuggle

down in the busy barouche and steer it all over town.

"Try to go some place where the hoodlums will stone you," I advised. "If you can get a good hard wallop over the koko with a rock it will create an awful lot of sympathy and win votes for us!"

Uncle Peter looked the benzine buggy over and said, "Why don't *you* run the machine, John?"

"What! you want me to run the Bubble!" I exclaimed, "and let the opposition see that you're a shine *chauffeur*! Nix, Uncle Peter; you've got to get busy with the choo-choo cart and do your own steering—for the honor of the family! Don't give the public a chance to say that old Bill Gray is the only guy with the goggles that can blow a Bubble through the streets of Ruraldene! The rubber sweater and the Dutch awning over the forehead for yours and on your way!"

"But, John," protested Uncle Peter, "I never handled a machine like this

before. Do you really think it will make much difference with the voters if I don't show my ability as a *chauffeur*?"

"Difference!" I repeated; "why, if you don't show them that when it comes to handling an automobuzzard you have old Bill Gray stung through the porous plaster, then it's all off! Hasn't your opponent been out for hours doing the grapevine twist and cutting the figure eight through the business portion of town, and causing so many narrow escapes that all the doctors in the district are watching him—with their fingers crossed! Cut loose, Uncle Peter, for the honor of the family, cut loose!"

Finally, with much reluctance, our Candidate and Aunt Martha climbed into the Coal-oil Coupe.

I gave him his final instructions.

"Now, Uncle Peter," I said, "grab that wheel in front of you firmly with both hands and put one foot on the accelerator. Now put the other foot on

the rheostat and let the left elbow gently rest on the deodizer. Keep the rubber tube connecting with the automatic fog whistle closely between the teeth and let the right elbow be in touch with the quadruplex while the apex of the left knee is pressed over the spark coil and the right ankle works the condenser."

Uncle Peter groaned. "Why don't you put my left shoulder blade to work," he muttered; "it's the only part of my anatomy that hasn't got a job!"

"John," whispered the nervous Aunt Martha, "do you really think Peter has to do this in order to be elected?"

"Sure," I answered, and I was very serious about it. "Now, Uncle Peter, keep both eyes on the road in front of you and the rest of your face in the wagon. Start the driving wheels, repeat slowly the name of your favorite Coroner and leave the rest to Fate!"

And thus they started out in the Whiz Wagon.

The sequel I learned, little by little, in the after days.

Before they had rolled along for half a mile through town, the machine suddenly began to breathe fast and then, all of a sudden, it choked up and stopped.

"Will it explode?" whispered Aunt Martha, pleadingly.

"No," said Uncle Peter, jumping out; "I think the cosmopolitan has buckled with the trapezoid," and then, with a monkey wrench, he crawled under the machine to see where it had the appendicitis.

As soon as Uncle Peter crept under the bulworks he took a dislike to a brass valve and began to knock it with the monkey wrench, whereupon the valve got mad at him and upset a pint of ancient salad-oil all over his features.

When Uncle Peter recovered consciousness the Bubble was breathing

again, so he jumped to the helm; pointed the bow at the City Hall, and began to cut the grass.

Alas! however, it seemed that the demon of unrest possessed that Coal-oil Coupe, for it soon began to jump and skip, and suddenly, with a snort, it took the river road and scooted away from town.

Uncle Peter patted it on the back and spoke soothingly, but it was no use.

Aunt Martha pleaded with him to keep in near the shore, because she was getting seasick; but her tears were in vain.

"You must appear calm and indifferent in the presence of danger," muttered Uncle Peter as they rushed madly into the bosom of a flock of cows.

But luck was with them, for with a turn of the wrist Uncle Peter jumped the Bubble across the road, and all he could feel was the sharp swish of an old cow's tail across his cheek as they

rushed on and out of that animal's life forever.

Aunt Martha tried to be brave and to chat pleasantly. "How is Wall Street these days?" she asked, and just then the machine struck a stone and she went up in the air.

"Unsettled," answered Uncle Peter when she got back, and then there was an embarrassing silence.

To try to hold a polite conversation on a Bubble in full flight is very much like trying to repeat the Declaration of Independence while falling out the seventh-story window.

Then, all of a sudden, the machine struck a chord in G and started for Halifax, Nova Scotia, at the rate of 7,000,000 miles a minute.

Aunt Martha threw her arms around Uncle Peter's neck, he threw his neck around the lever, the lever threw him over, and they both threw a fit.

Down the road ahead of them a man and his wife were quarreling. They were so much in earnest that they did

not hear the Bubble sneaking swiftly up on rubber tires.

As the machine was about to fall upon the quarreling man and wife Uncle Peter squeezed a couple of hoarse "Toot toots!" from the horn, whereupon the woman in the road threw up both hands and leaped for the man. The man threw up both feet and leaped for the fence.

The last Aunt Martha saw of them they were entering their modest home neck and neck, and the divorce court lost a bet.

Then the machine began to climb a telegraph pole, and as it ran down the other side Aunt Martha wanted to know for the tenth time if it would explode.

"How did John tell you to handle it?" she shrieked, as the Bubble bit its way through a stone fence and began to dance a two-step over a strange man's lawn.

"The only way to handle this infernal machine is to soak it in water,"

yelled Uncle Peter as they hit the main road again.

"I don't see how this can get you any votes; there isn't a soul looking," moaned Aunt Martha.

"Oh! if I could only be arrested for fast riding and get this thing stopped," wailed Uncle Peter as they headed for the river.

"Let me out! let me out!" pleaded Aunt Martha, and the machine seemed to hear her, for it certainly obliged the lady.

I found out afterwards that in order to make good with Aunt Martha the Bubble jumped up in the air and turned a double handspring, during the course of which the Candidate and his wife fell out and landed in the most generously inclined mud-puddle in that part of the state.

Then the Coal-oil Coupe turned around and barked at them, and with a whisk of its tail scooted for home.

When Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha finally reached the villa they were



The Bubble turned  
a double handspring.—Page 64.



sights; but before the old gentleman could register his kick we were interrupted by a messenger, who brought the following typewritten document:

### Challenge!

The Committee which is conducting the gentlemanly canvass now being made by the Hon. William Gray for Mayor of Ruraldene believes that the Hon. Peter Grant, the opposing Candidate, has not a leg to stand on, and in the furtherance of this belief hereby challenges the Hon. Peter Grant to meet the Hon. William Gray in joint debate, to be held in the public square on the eve of election, next Monday week, at 8 P. M. The probabilities are that the Hon. Peter Grant will not put in an appearance.

(Signed) BUNCH JEFFERSON,  
Chairman of Committee.

"Won't put in an appearance!" yelled Uncle Peter. "I won't, eh? I'll flay him alive! I'll make old Bill Gray wish he had never been born!"

"Make mine the same," I said, as I shook Uncle Peter's hand.

## CHAPTER V.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A NOTE.

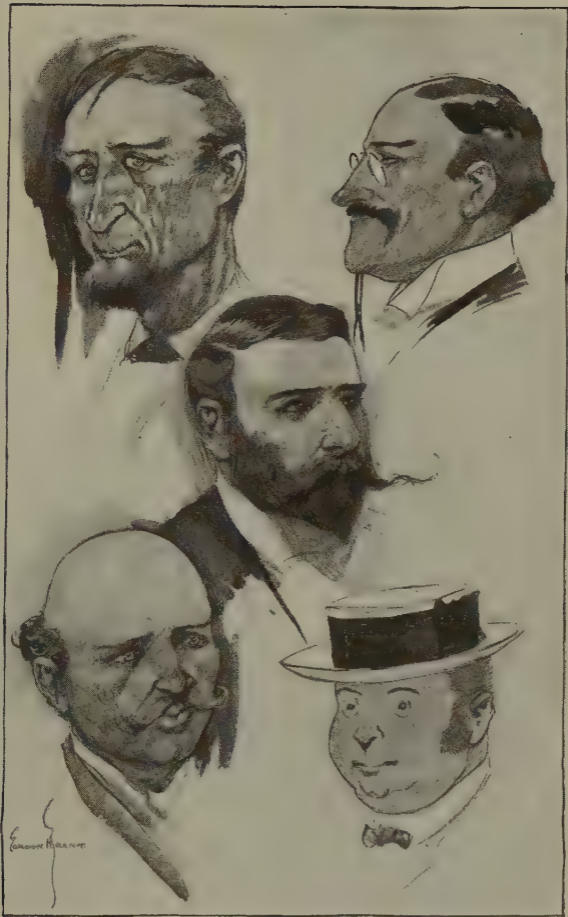
**T**HE news of the proposed joint debate spread like wild-fire, and it soon became patent that whoever won the rag-chewing contest would also win the election.

Every morning Uncle Peter would lock himself up in his library and prepare verbal gunshot with which to pepper Uncle William when the night of nights arrived.

Of course, Uncle William played the same cards and spent hours daily in his word factory turning out tart remarks with which to sting Uncle Peter.

The excitement grew apace, and everybody took sides, from the infant in arms up to the octogenarian.

One morning I witnessed a meeting



The Delegation.—Page 66



between our German grocer's boy with the Grant button pinned to his calico shirt and the red-headed kid who had pinched Uncle Peter's first speech, the latter with the Gray ribbon tied around his suspender.

"What are you wearin' that button for? You ain't got no vote," sneered Reddy.

"Oh! I don't know," answered Dutchy, "I'm carryin' just about as much steam as you are. Pipe the rag on the braces! What is it, the Russian flag?"

"You seem to think old Peter Grant is all the eggs, don't you?" said Reddy. "Well, he ain't the only pie on the counter—the flies can get to him, all right!"

"Is that so!" answered Dutchy; "you think you're pretty warm weather, don't you?"

"Oh, maybe, but I ain't no gas-stove like you!"

"Well, I don't see you doin' no home-cookin'!"

"That's because your lamps is smoky. You want to get somebody to rub water on you with a hose!"

"Uh! you ain't the World's Fair—you can be crowded!" said Dutchy.

"You have a swell bunch of come-backs, haven't you?" Reddy snapped. "You must've been listenin' to a ball game!"

"I don't see your license to look wise," the other answered. "Where's the medal you got for keepin' out of the Foolish House!"

"I'm so hot I'd melt it; I've got on fireproof underclothes."

"What's the matter with waterproof?"

"Don't let that put you off the car. I'm still able to read the news to you, all right!"

"Oh, perhaps!"

"What's the matter; ain't you got no more bum wheezes to pull?"

"Oh, frequently! You ain't Port Arthur—you can be reached in a few days!"

“Mebbe, but you ain’t the only low collar in the laundry—you can be turned down!”

“Sometimes—but not by the Chink in the look-out!”

Then they went at it, hammer and tongs, and it took Hank about five minutes to separate them.

An hour or so later, as I sat on the veranda trying to figure out some way to finish the campaign in a blaze of Grant glory, I overheard old Barney Doolin, our stableman, airing his political views for Hank the gardener’s benefit.

“The daysire for political prayferment is so shtrong in some min,” Barney was saying, “that they can’t kape shtill unless they’s runnin’ for office.”

“Oh, much better!” answered Hank; “the attakt only lasted two days with Genevive, but the second youngest is ailin’ with her teeth!”

Supremely unconscious of this irrelevant interruption, Barney gazed away

over the meadows and proceeded with his soliloquy:

"Take that old felly, William Gray," he said, reflectively; "sure he thinks he ought to be a shtatesman just because he have money enough in his overalls to pay his fare to Washington."

Hank sat down in the shade and Barney went on: "My favoright Sina-tor in politics is Chancey Daypew, and I'm hopin' to see the day whin him and ould Peter Grant will mate within the Halls of Congress and git to jokin' aich other till the bur-r-rd of liberty falls off its perch with a stitch in the side.

"Sure 'twas a glad day for the Sinate whin Chancey shtrolled in there with his basket of wheezes, and it'll be a pr-rroud day for Ameriky whin ould Peter Grant walks out on the flure and dares anywan prisint to make a riddle him or Chancey can't answer.

"No more knock-downs and drag-outs whin thim two laddiebucks gets together in the Sinate. No more yellin' fer the police an' beggin' Hivven to

send the pathrol-wagon—none iv that. Chancey and Peter will br-ring a dinner pail full iv jokes to the Sinate house, an' says they, 'Have a gag with us, gintlemen; 'tis our trate.'

"An' whin Sinator Hoar gits up an' says, 'Gintlemin iv the Sinate, the hell-hounds iv impairlism is on our thrack, an' they's blood on the face iv the moon,' Chancey will ar-rise, houldin' his sides with the laughter that's on his face, an' he will address the Sinate, 'Mr. Pr-resident an' gintlemin,' says he, 'why,' says he, 'why is a door not a door?' says he; 'because,' says he, answerin' his own question, 'because it ain't a windy,' says he, an' they's a bur-rst iv applause ascinds to the dome. 'An' why,' says ould Peter Grant, pushin' Chancey back in his chair, and handin' the Sinators another wan befoor they gits time to cool off, 'why do a chicken cross the strate?' says he. They's silence fer a moment. Chancey is sittin' there pullin' his side whishkers an' enjoyin' the excitemint.

'An' why,' says Sinator Gor-rman, like the middle man in the minshtrels, 'why do a chicken cross the strate?' 'Because,' says ould Peter Grant, 'because some wan is chasin' it,' says he, an' a roar goes up that makes the Washin'-ton monnymint tr-remble.

"With this Sinator Hale goes out in the lobby an' sets on a tack so's to ca'm himsilf, an' Chancey says, 'Mr. Pr-resident an' gentlemin iv the Sinate,' says he, 'why,' says he, 'why is the Panama Canal like a saloon at six o'clock in the mornin'?' 'I dinnaw,' says the Prisi-dent of the Sinate, 'why is the Panama Canal like a saloon at six o'clock in the mornin'?' 'Because,' says Chancey, 'because it'll soon be open,' and with this Sinator Hale gits up. 'A bas Chancey!' shouts the Sinator. 'A bass ale!' shouts ould Peter Grant, 'let's pass a bunch of bills,' says he, 'you're right, Peter,' says Chancey, 'let's pass a bunch of bills,' says he; 'bein' an' ould railroad man, I know a great dale about passes,' says he, an'

befoor Sinator Hale can come to the rescue foorteen pinsion bills is passed an' the hell-hounds iv impairlism have got Sinator Hoar down an' are chewin' the shoe leather off'n him. 'Twill be a gr-reat day fer the Sinate whin Chan-cey Daypew gits ould Peter Grant there with him."

I don't know just where Barney's political dream finally landed him, for at this moment a delegation of ward workers waited upon me, so I had to go for the checkbook and have a coughing spell.

"Dis man, Bunch Chefferson, is vorking, vorking, vorking to remove der Society wote," Conrad Puffenlotz, my lieutenant in the fourth ward, informed me.

"I've been wise to that gag for some time, Conrad," I answered.

"Should we gif a pink tea or some-ding like a lawn feet or a monkey dinner to get Society on our side?" inquired Conrad earnestly.

"No," I said, "I've got a better and

less expensive plan. You know Mr. Bunch Jefferson thinks he's the best little Society man that ever walked behind a white vest. He's got an idea in his noddle that the Social push has put up his photo on every mantel, and now it's up to me to cure him."

"How could you dit it?" asked Conrad, while the other willing workers went after the bug bitters.

"Well, I'll tell you," I answered. "I've cooked up a bunch of shine Society advice which is supposed to have been written by Bunch. I've had 10,000 cards printed with this phony patter thereon, and when the Society ladies get a peep at it Bunch will be on his way to the mines. Bunch has pulled off a lot of mouldy tricks on me and now it's my play to chase him to the woods."

Then I sprung on them this sample of my campaign literature:

## HOW TO BEHAVE WITH ETIQUETTE.

Written by Bunch Jefferson.

(And dedicated to his many friends in  
Society.)

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The author hopes that his many friends in Society will avail themselves of this opportunity to become thoroughly conversant with the proper rules of deportment as set down herewith.—B. Jefferson.

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Rule I.—When entering Society always walk with the feet outstretched.

Rule II.—When mingling with Society always keep the right hand on the pocket-book and throw the left carelessly over the watch and chain. This delays suspicion.

Rule III.—When leaving Society always walk backward and trust to luck.

Rule IV.—When the hostess introduces you to a lady always inquire politely what her age is. If she tells you in small figures raise the eyebrows

with a slight doubt. If she doesn't answer she is no lady.

Rule V.—When you rise from the pink tea table to take a smoke never strike a match on the back of the hostess.

Rule VI.—Always drink tea with the face. To drop it in between the neck-tie and the top of the waist-coat is very selfish.

Rule VII.—Never eat fresh-laid pickles with a spoon. This is one of the most pitiful mistakes that a man could make in Society. Use the thumb and the little finger, squeezing the victim slightly until it is still and motionless. Then bite it without fear.

Rule VIII.—During an argument at the table with the host never try to score a point by throwing your plate at him. Always throw the butter. It spreads wider and lasts longer to get it off.

Rule IX.—When you have placed your napkin around your neck just before dinner never ask for a safety pin. Stick a fork through it and wade in.

Rule X.—One of the cutest ways to go after the beans is with a wooden toothpick. This custom has descended from the inventor of the Chinese chop-

sticks, and it makes very interesting eating.

Rule XI.—To eat soup through a straw is a new idea, but only those who are not in a hurry will find much enjoyment in this plan. The best way is to get mad at the soup, then get a piece of bread and soak it.

Rule XII.—Always at a Society wedding be sure to kiss the bride. The best way to kiss her is before the ceremony, because afterwards the kisses belong to another gentleman, possibly her husband.

Rule XIII.—When dinner is over never ask the hostess what is for breakfast. It is vulgar to be so hungry in public.

Rule XIV.—Never use your throat to remove the bones from a fish. It sounds too unhappy.

Rule XV.—Be careful to wear pale, white kid gloves at a wedding. Kids are always the national emblem of a wedding.

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The little band of willing workers howled with delight when I finished

reading, all save Conrad who said, earnestly, "Mein lieber Chon, vy should you blame such nice ideas on dis Bunch Chefferson? Society vill like him better for dis, yes?"

"Society won't do a thing to him," I chuckled.

"Vell it is fine knowledge to know how to remove bones from a fish," Conrad insisted. "Und maybe Society should be glad to learn how to eat soup through a straw. Perhaps dis card is a boomderang, yes!"

Before I could convince Conrad that my idea, while somewhat cruel, bore traces of originality, the Rev. Mr. Macey arrived to take tea with us and was greeted cordially by the family.

We were all sitting around the veranda, discussing the outlook and chatting pleasantly, everybody with one ear primed for the supper bell, when Lizzie Joyce, the irrepressible, put in an agitated appearance. Once more the lid trimmed with prairie grass fell over her left eye and the grouchy grip

kept company with the freckled parasol.

"I give you my notice, Mem; I'm leavin' this minute," she said to the embarrassed Aunt Martha.

"What's the matter now, woman, what's the matter, eh?" asked Uncle Peter, hungry and irritated.

Before Lizzie could frame a comeback Clara J. stepped in the breach.

"What's the matter, Lizzie?" asked Peaches, soothingly.

"Sure 'tis a dream I had last night that came back to me whilst I was bastin' the chicken," Lizzie answered. "In me dream I was kidnapped, and they's so much political palaverin' goin' on around here maybe it'll come true!"

"Who'd kidnap you, woman?" sneered Uncle Peter.

"Well, you never can tell," Lizzie answered quietly. "They's a lot of woozy old millionaires hangin' around these days tryin' to get their money well cared for. I'm takin' no chances."

That was about all for Uncle Peter,

and presently the excitable Lizzie was led peacefully back to the kitchen by Clara J.

But Lizzie's dream gave me an idea that took my appetite away.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A HOLIDAY.

**T**HE next morning, bright and early, I had Barney Doolin at work painting our automobile the exact colors of the machine owned by the Hon. William Gray.

I was beginning to hatch my dark and devilish plot.

This was Saturday, and since early morning a score of boys roamed all over town, distributing the 10,000 cards whereon was printed "Bunch's Advice to Society."

The cards made an awful hit. Nine citizens out of every ten didn't know whether it was straight goods or a josh, but after reading the card over for the second time nearly everybody concluded that the strenuous campaign had overcrowded Bunch's mental seat-

ing capacity and that he had gone dippy.

When the afternoon paper, the *Ruraldene Palladium*, made its appearance, it contained a paid get-back from Bunch on the first page, and it was surely a dizzy dish of words.

Ruraldene, as everybody knows, is an extremely popular suburban town and is sometimes called "The Commuter's Paradise." It consists of a hustling "business centre" and beyond this, dotting the green in all directions, are the villas and country homes of the suburbanites.

It was through our army of Commuters that Bunch tried to reach me.

This is what he had in the afternoon paper:

"Voters and citizens of Ruraldene: There is in our midst an ardent supporter and adherent of the Hon. Peter Grant who spends most of his time besmirching the fair name of the Commuter. This man is the author of a literary stab in the Suburbanite's back,

a copy of which has recently come into our possession and which is published herewith to prove its author's villainy, and to warn the voters who may well ask 'If Peter Grant's henchman belittles the Commuter in this cruel manner what will *Mayor* Grant do to them?' We give space to this cruel slanderer's effusion that our citizen Commuters may be on their guard hereafter:

## "THE COMMUTER."

(By John Henry.)

"Mirabel!"

"Yes, dear," answered the Commuter's wife.

"The Suburbanite pins his faith to a railroad schedule only to find that somebody pinches the pin!"

"Yes, Claudius," the wife answered.

"Mirabel! the Commuter's life is a moving one and full of cinders!"

"Yes, Claudius!"

"Mirabel!"

Commuter Goosedipper paused and shook the family growler slowly from side to side.

"Yes, Claudius," the faithful wife responded.

"It is now a little less than daylight on Monday morning," he said; "and I must leave Insomnihurst and go forth to the great city where I get my wages."

Goosedipper sighed and squeezed the pitcher.

"And to-day the Chokeup and Crawl-along R. R. takes off fourteen more trains!" he gasped.

"Claudius!" the wife exclaimed, pale from one end of her face to the other.

"To-day I must go forth on a train which will look no more upon Insomnihurst until many bitter years have faded into the elsewhere," he muttered all foam-bedecked into the pitcher.

"And must I lose you so soon?" said the good wife, bursting into tears.

"It is the will of Fate," he said.

"The years will be long between us," she said, sobbing with her voice.

"Yes, but I will telegraph you money once in a while," he whispered, restraining the impulse to cross his fingers.

"Oh! the awful suburban railroad system," she shuddered, "separating

the wife from the husband and the father from the children he can never know in their infancy! ”

“ Teach the children not to forget me while I am away in the office,” said Goosedipper, eagerly.

“ I will, Claudius, if I have to do it with a shawl strap,” said the loving wife.

Then Goosedipper arose.

“ Let me look around the old home once again before I go away to duty on the 7:09 accommodation, which runs eagerly like a rabbit, hither and thither, and no where in particular! ”

Together with his wife, hand in hand, followed by the cat and the little Goose-dippers, the brave Commuter took a parting walk among his household.

And when his emotion overcame him and he stepped not unkindly but heavily withal upon the cat the scene was too pitiful for words.

It was a touching sight to see them.

Then with a sob Goosedipper grabbed his lunchbox and was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I caught a train many years ago but we had to change cars at Salt Lake City, so I came home by the way of

Bangor, Maine," was the only explanation the Commuter made.

"Don't apologize, Claudius," said the loving wife. "I knew you would be home some day if you had to wait for the Panama Canal to get finished."

Such is the simple faith of the Commuters.

"Where is Spartacus?" said Goosedipper. "When I left you he was our oldest son. I hope no change has happened to him, Mirabel? The day before I went on the 7:09 train little Spartacus put on his first knickerbocker pants. Where is he?"

"That was many years ago," sighed the wife. "When Spartacus grew old enough to learn the schedule of the trains he swore never to leave home until the railroads made some arrangement to get him back again, and so he is now a hermit."

"A hermit?" inquired Goosedipper; "what is a hermit?"

"A hermit," answered the wife; "a hermit is a Commuter who loves his home too well to commute."

"And little Augustus Appius, where is he?" inquired the husband after a while.

"Little Augustus Appius has grown

up and developed the brain of a deep thinker," said the wife. "With ten years more study he will be able to think deep enough to invent a suburban train that will have the sense and the courage to keep on going till it reaches the place it started for."

"Yes, Claudius," continued the wife, "our little Appius is a scientist. Every time he reads about a new idea he sits down and invents it! He is now working on a useless pole for the wireless telegraph."

The husband went out on a thunder strike.

"My, my, my!" said Goosedipper. "I go away on the Chokeup & Crawl-along R. R., and before I get back my children grow up and get famous. Such is the suburban railroad system! Where is little Gladiolus? When I left she was the youngest. I hope she did not change her mind during my absence?"

"No," said the wife, "but she has grown up to be a car-shy girl!"

"Car-shy?" echoed her husband.

"Yes," responded the wife; "once when she was just a little child I thought I heard the shriek of a locomotive, and I fainted with surprise. It was

a false alarm because the shriek was made by the patent medicine brewery over behind the hill, but the scene made a deep impression on Gladiolus. Ever since that moment she throws a fit when anybody mentions a railroad train because she doesn't believe there is such a thing in the world. But I have sad and bitter news for you, Claudius! Do you remember the cat you stepped on that day so long ago when you went away to work for your wages? Well, it died two years after you took the 7:09 accommodation. It went out in the village street to look at some groceries. The groceries belonged to a family three doors below us in the next field. So did the hammer that killed the cat."

"The growler?" whispered Goose-dipper.

"I have it yet as you left it!" she replied.

"Chase it!" was all he said.

---

Bunch fell down on his scheme of revenge, because the only man who reads the local afternoon paper in Ru-

raldene had to go to New York on business that day.

Uncle Peter spent hour after hour in the library, arranging and rearranging the oratorical brickbats with which he intended to demolish Uncle William's citadel at the joint debate Monday night.

In the meantime the town was seething with anticipation, and all kinds of rumors were flying about.

The Gray faction started the story that Uncle Peter had suddenly declined to meet his opponent in joint debate, so it was up to me to start another story to the effect that old Bill Gray had imported 219 Dago floaters, and had opened a night school in his barn where Bunch Jefferson was teaching the Guineas enough English to get by the challengers on election day.

I think that sent them to the rock pile.

Saturday night we had our final parade with the fireworks finish, and it was a lallapalootza!

First came the Silver Cornet Band, in the new uniforms Uncle Peter had bought for them, and the way they blew Sousa across lots and showered the community with rag-time was a caution.

Then followed the "John Henry Home Guards," 250 strong, marching with cape-mackintoshes, plug hats and canes. We were immense, with the exception of three or four dubs who had borrowed top-pieces too small for their braineries, and who had to break ranks every five minutes to coax their lids away from the street-car tracks.

We carried transparencies reading as follows:

**PETER GRANT WILL MAKE GOOD !  
BOOST HIM IN.**

**WHO IS PETER GRANT'S  
OPPONENT?  
A PIECE OF CHEESE!**

VOTE FOR THE REAL RINAKABOO!  
PROGRESSIVE PETER!

WILL WE PASS BILL GRAY  
THE ICE-PITCHER?  
OH, MAYBE!

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND  
PETER GRANT  
NEVER TOLD A LIE!  
DID OLD BILL GRAY? ASK ME!

REMEMBER THE MONROE DOC-  
TRINE AND VOTE FOR  
PETER GRANT!

Next came the "Peter Grant Zouaves," consisting of Conrad Puffenlotz, four assistant hop-beaters from the

brewery, and thirty-six school boys, not one of whom would have a vote coming to him for at least twelve years.

But the Zouave make-up was a hot favorite with Uncle Peter. He was out to have a splotch of color in that parade no matter what the cost, and he got his wish.

Following the Zouaves came the "Martha Grant League of Helping Hands," consisting of Conrad's wife, the lady friends of the four hopbeaters, Hank, the gardener's wife, and enough of Hank's children to make that portion of the parade look like the recess hour in a public school.

Lizzie Joyce, our cook, had been led to believe by some unscrupulous person that the Hon. William Gray, if elected, would introduce the Irish eviction gag into Ruraldene. So the parade for Lizzie, and she marched among the Helping Hands with the freckled parasol in one fist and in the other a transparency evidently edited by Barney Doolin; which read:

**My Chice For mayer  
Is Pete grant  
the ladies Pet an pride!**

It certainly was a tart collection of enthusiastic pave pounders that marched through Ruraldene that evening and whooped it up for the Hon. Peter Grant.

The Candidate, with his wife and niece and friends, reviewed the parade from the "Peter Grant headquarters" in town. Then, after marching around the Hon. William Gray's villa three times, with the band playing "Your Neck Is a Good Place To Get It, Mr. Man!" we planted our transparencies deep in the grassy lawn owned by the furious Uncle William, and with Gabe Malone's bull dog to watch them we left them there for the entertainment and enlightenment of the Opposition while we adjourned to the little Riverside Park for the fireworks display.

With the exception of a roman

candle that sailed into Conrad Puffenlotz, and after knocking at his dining-room door insisted upon doing its turn inside his Zouave jacket, the fireworks were shot off successfully, and the day wound up in a blaze of glory.

It cost our Candidate a smart bundle of greens to feed the hungry enthusiasts and dampen all those thirsty voices, but at the finish the Gray faction had been chased to the tall grass, and Bunch Jefferson's address was Woozy Boulevard, Forestville, in the Woods.

It was a great day for everything in Ruraldene—except Uncle Peter's bank account.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JOHN HENRY MAKES A MAYOR.

EARLY Monday morning I had a satisfactory interview with the Bubble blower, who had come on from New York to take charge of our new auto for this particular occasion.

All day long the preparations for the joint debate went forward with enthusiasm, and everything moveable in the community threatened to be in the public square when the gong sounded.

It was a cinch that the Candidate who got stage fright, or failed to show up at the joint debate would get all his when the votes were counted.

The meeting was scheduled for 8 o'clock and by 7:20 the Square was packed with partisans of both sides.

Promptly at 7:15 I sent our auto

with the imported *chauffeur* panting up to Uncle William's villa, having first assured myself that Bunch was busy at the Square.

"Mr. Jefferson sent me after you," my agent told Uncle William.

"But where's our own conveyance?" the old gentleman inquired, suspiciously.

"Mr. Jefferson has gone to get the referee and didn't want you to be late," the opposition Candidate was told as per arrangement.

"Oh; all right," said Uncle William, climbing into the auto, and with this the driver headed for the river road and was off like a scared rabbit.

"Stop! stop! where are you going?" yelled Uncle William as they shot out of town.

"Mr. Jefferson said to give you some fresh air so's you could handle your mitts livelier when the fight started," the Bubble tender yelled back, as he let out a few more links and burned over the bridges.

"Mr. Jefferson is a jackass!" shouted Uncle William. "I've been doing nothing all day but getting fresh air. Take me to the public square at once, sir! I never rode at this speed in all my life—stop it! stop it!"

"Can't do it!" said the brave stranger. "There's something wrong with the brake valve—hold fast! here's a hill!"

Down they went and up the other side and on and on for miles, Uncle William yelling for the cops and the Bubble blower bent double over the steering gear.

Then all of a sudden the machine stopped and nearly pitched Uncle William overboard.

"Now," squeaked the Opposition Candidate; "I hope you're satisfied that I have fresh air enough. Get me back to town at once, sir!"

"Can't do it," moaned the splendid *chauffeur*.

"Why not?" inquired the excited Uncle William looking at his watch.

"The Bubble's bust!" groaned that most interesting stranger.

Uncle William let a yell out of him that set the trees back from the roadway.

"I'm due at the public square at eight o'clock!" he fumed, dancing around the machine.

"And that's about eight miles from here as the crow flies," replied my noble emissary, whereupon Uncle William sat down by the darkened roadside and began to bite the night air.

In the meantime the platform in the public square groaningly received the committees, the bottle holders and the referee.

I sat next to the chair reserved for Uncle Peter and began to wonder why he didn't put in an appearance.

On the other side of the platform Bunch was beginning to rubber nervously, and I was using my sleeve to hold a fine bundle of laughs.

I knew, within a few miles, where Uncle William was about this time, but

why did Uncle Peter delay his entrance?

Eight o'clock came and the vast assemblage was called to order by Squire Thompson, whose duty it was to introduce the opposing candidates and start the battle.

The Squire made his little speech and sat down amid great applause.

Then silence fell and everybody looked at everybody else uneasily.

Where were the two Principals?

I *knew* that Uncle William was about two miles further away than he was the last time I thought of him, but *where* was Uncle Peter?

Presently when the tension became almost unbearable Bunch Jefferson arose and made the bluff of his life.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentleman," he began, as he took an old letter from his coat pocket, "I have just received a note from Mr. William Gray in which he states that an extremely important call over the long-distance telephone will detain him at home for a

few minutes. In the meantime permit me to suggest that the Hon. Peter Grant open the debate."

Bunch sat down amid great applause and loud cries of "Grant! Go at him, Grant!" filled the air.

Then I saw my chance.

The Opposition had dropped its guard and now to land a jolt.

"Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentleman," I began when silence was restored, "We accept without hesitation the excuse put forth by the Hon. William Gray's spokesman. I am empowered to state that in deference to the opposing Candidate's maturer years and grayer hairs the Hon. Peter Grant will not put in an appearance on this platform until the Hon. William Gray is first seen and honored by his townspeople."

A thunderous burst of applause went up and Bunch nearly fainted.

I sent four of our committee out to head off Uncle Peter and explain matters, and when I turned around

Bunch and some of his friends had disappeared.

Presently the crowd began to get impatient and cat-calls filled the air. There wasn't anybody on the platform with nerve enough to get up and tear off a speech, so we had to sit there and look foolish.

Bunch was back in ten minutes looking very pale and excited, while the crowd took up the chorus: "Gray! Gray! why do you stay away?"

Some of my scouts returned with the news that no trace of Uncle Peter could be found, and I began to wonder what would happen if the crowd called upon me to produce him.

Half-past eight and no Candidates. Quarter of nine and no Candidates. The crowd had its kidding clothes on by this time, and Bunch was handed some pretty lively language, but he was game to the finish, that boy was!

At nine o'clock the crowd had thinned out to such an extent that the referee got up and went home. Gabe

Malone arose to address what was left of the audience, but before he served a half-portion of bad grammar somebody in the front line pointed a toy pistol at him, and he did a back-flip off the platform and hiked for home.

After that there was nothing doing. At 9:30 only a few night-hawks remained of the once great audience. The representatives and committees on the platform dwindled away until finally nobody was left save Bunch and I.

I looked over at Bunch from time to time and he looked over at me, but we never cracked a smile.

At 10 o'clock we still sat there, but we had our backs to each other.

At 10:10 the audience consisted of one sea-going hack, with both horse and driver asleep.

The hack didn't seem to care what happened.

At 10:15 we arose, handed each other the laugh and went home.

The joint debate was a fizzle, but I had a shade the best of it.



We had our backs  
to each other.—Page 102



I found Aunt Martha and Clara J. in tears when I reached the villa.

"Poor Uncle Peter!" sobbed Clara J.; "oh! where is he? where is he?"

"He's been assassinated, I know it," Aunt Martha sobbed back. "Oh, that he had never gone into politics!"

I succeeded in calming them after a time, and by dint of much questioning learned that two strangers had called to see Uncle Peter on very urgent business at about 7:15, and that the trio had started off hurriedly in the direction of the river road.

Hank, Barney Doolin and I at once took a lantern and followed the trail.

About a mile from the villa on the bank of the river is a big ice-house, and as we approached it we heard the most unearthly yelling, swearing and kicking of boards.

"Sure, it sounds like the ould man whin he's excited!" cried Barney as we unbolted the door.

It *was* Uncle Peter who stood before

us, a sad spectacle in the lantern's light.

"The villains!" he shouted; "oh, John, my boy, I'm so glad to see you! The villains! they lured me down here with a lying story that I could see Bunch Jefferson teaching a lot of Italian floaters how to vote!"

I leaned against the ice-house and nearly choked.

"When they got me here they bolted the door on me," Uncle Peter stormed, "and they told me, the villains, not to describe anything I might see here in my speeches against the Opposition. How could I see anything in this damn old ice-house?"

When I told him all about the joint debate and of the non-appearance of the Hon. William Gray he calmed down at once.

"What do you suppose kept old Bill Gray away?" Uncle Peter asked, as we walked up to the road.

"You can search me, Uncle Peter," I said as we reached the fence by the

road just as an automobile came chuck-chucking painfully along.

We waited in the darkness to let it go by!

As it passed we saw an agitated old gentleman in the rear seat, fuming and fretting and urging the *chauffeur* to hurry on, but to all the old man's pleadings the *chauffeur* replied stolidly, "I'm doin' the best I can; the Bubble's bust."

Oh! noble stranger! What would have been our finish without you?

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Uncle Peter as the machine toiled slowly by, "it's old Bill Gray, or his ghost!"

Then I exploded and for five minutes I rolled around on the grass to the amazement of the puzzled Uncle Peter.

"Though I don't pretend to understand the ins and outs of politics," Uncle Peter said when we finally reached home, "still I've got a pretty sharp eye, and I'm not going to ask for any particulars as to why old Bill Gray was in *our* new automobile, but I would like to shake your hand, John!"

Then we held a family reunion and Uncle Peter showed us how he would have lit into Uncle William at the public square—if he hadn't been locked up in the ice-house.

The next day it happened. I don't know whether it was Uncle Peter's popularity or his check book or my speech at the joint debate—but, anyway, he was elected by a tidy majority, and he was the happiest old soul in sixty-four States.

In the midst of our rejoicings that Tuesday evening a messenger brought me a note. I read it to our assembled friends to the accompaniment of much applause:

Ruraldene, Tuesday.

My dear John: Now that the cruel war is over let me be among the first to congratulate Uncle Peter and you. It may interest you to know that in spite of defeat Mr. Gray has expressed himself as being well pleased with my work during the campaign. His approval will take the form of a wedding in January, and on that occasion Alice

and I will be the Candidates. I forgive you everything including "My Advice to Society," but do tell me where you found that *chauffeur* who insisted upon giving Uncle William so much fresh air! I feel sure that Uncle Peter's trip to the ice-house will be forgotten in his triumphal procession to the Mayor's office.

Sincerely yours,  
BUNCH JEFFERSON.

"Umph!" said Uncle Peter, "I always did like that boy, Bunch!"

"He's the real goods," I agreed.

"I wonder what I'll wear at the wedding!" mused Peaches.

THE END.



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CONTENTS OF  
**"I NEED THE MONEY."**

JOHN HENRY'S PAL.

JOHN HENRY'S PLAN.

JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC.

JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE.

JOHN HENRY'S PIPE.

JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS.

JOHN HENRY'S PIE.

## What the Critics Say.

The author of "I Need the Money," the new "John Henry" book, who is George V. Hobart, a former Baltimore newspaper man, is, beyond doubt, one of the most popular of modern slang humorists; more so, probably, than Ade, and with his "Dinkelspiel" stuff almost as much as Dunne.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

George V. Hobart, the New York journalist, is a versatile humorist. As "Dinkelspiel" he is an irresistibly funny German, full of philosophy but hopelessly tangled in his rhetoric. As the author "John Henry" and other humorous productions he has been an acute man of the street and of the rapid avenues of life with all the up-to-dateness of slang that is one of the chief concomitants of such worldly wisdom. Mr. Hobart therefore has strings enough to his bow to warrant the prediction that he will wear much longer than the average funny man has lasted under the strain of humor to order. The G. W. Dillingham Company has just issued a volume of "Eppy Grams by Dinkelspiel" that is full of laugh from cover to cover, and another "John Henry" book, entitled "I Need the Money," in which readers can find delight in Mr. Hobart's humor in the other vein. The pages of the "Dinkelspiel" book are brightened with borders of red, and the other book is illustrated.

—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

"I Need the Money," the sixth of the "Hugh McHugh" books, is capital, like its fellows. The laugh lies beneath the bewildering fantastics of slang. It cannot be analyzed, for really there is nothing tangible to account for the laugh save the surprise of the delightful argot. For example, some people may not think it funny to read of six-story flats with 10 x 12 rooms as "people-coops." Others with livelier imaginations will hold their sides over this.

—*San Francisco Call.*

The latest of the "John Henry" books has the title, "I Need the Money," which seems to be attractive enough for a much larger book. These little volumes, of which two appear every year, have had a circulation such as to make the mouths of the standard novelists water. They are to be found in all parts of the country, and the author's large profits are justified, because he has given the people something they want, something they can appreciate, and particularly something they can enjoy. In the preface he announces a sale of over 400,000 of the first five volumes, and there is no reason why the sixth should not make a record. It is one of "Hugh McHugh's" agreeable tales, told with much dash and appropriately illustrated with a lot of character heads. The sort of book to pick up and enjoy at any time.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

No matter how bad "John Henry's" predicament may be, he has the happy faculty of seeing a bright, which means a humorous, side. Certainly he gets into difficulties in "Hugh McHugh's" latest book about him, "I Need the Money," but in no volume of the series is "John Henry" more persistently and amusingly jolly.—*Newark News*.

George V. Hobart, *alias* "Dinkelspiel," has, in the "John Henry" books, given us some of the best and most spontaneous humor of the age.—*Four-Track News*.



**JOHN HENRY, Hugh McHugh's first book, reached the 25,000 mark two weeks after it was published. It's popularity since then has been unprecedented.**

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ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

Mr. Henry's adventures as he describes them here will make you wonder and make you laugh.

His book abounds in bon-mots of slang; of the kind you hear in the theatres when the end-men, comedians and monologists are at their wittiest and best, when they revel in mad and merry extravagances of speech and experience.

It is an art to use street-talk with force and terseness, and although it isn't the most elegant phase of the Queen's English it nevertheless impresses to the Queen's taste. Hugh McHugh has this art."—*Philadelphia Item*.

"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness

in endeavoring to utter immature wisdom in the language of the brainless.

"The author, Hugh McHugh, is thought to be Mr. George V. Hobart. Certain it is that the writer is a Baltimorean, past or present; the local references evidence that. In some places the expressions have the Hobart ring to them. But if Mr. Hobart did write the stories, he has done his best work of the kind yet."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"The humor is of the spontaneous sort that runs close to truth, and it affords many a hearty laugh."—*Cleveland World*.

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"Written in the choicest slang."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press*.

"It is as good as any of the books of its kind, better than most of them, and is funny without being coarse."—*Portage Register*.

91 **Down The Line With John Henry**<sup>99</sup>  
is the second of the "John Henry"<sup>90</sup>  
books and quickly followed its predecessor along the highroad of success.

The story of "John Henry at the Races" in "Down The Line" has already grown to be a Classic in Slang. It is brimful of human nature and is amusing in the highest degree.

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JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.

JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS.

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICAL.

JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF.

"'Down the Line' is one good laugh from cover to cover, and some of the experiences of this clever man are both amusing and interesting. The book is illustrated with some clever sketches by McKee Barclay."—*St. Louis Star*.



"As in the former volume, the present collection of stories is concerned with adventures of a man about town. It abounds in the weirdest and newest slang, *recherché* expressions and tart Americanisms. There is much clever satire on the manners and habits of Americans. The 'down-to-date' man who is fond of slang will find in the volume a new supply for his vocabulary."—*Los Angeles Express*.



"In order to enjoy it you have got to tackle it like Wagner and chain yourself down for three or four sittings, and then you are *en rapport*, so to speak. Come again, Jonathan!"—*Denver Republican*.

**“It’s Up to You!”** is the third book in the John Henry series. This story of domestic bliss relates the adventures of John Henry during his courtship and marriage.

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JOHN HENRY’S COURTSHIP.

JOHN HENRY’S WEDDING.

JOHN HENRY’S HONEYMOON TRIP.

JOHN HENRY’S SEASHORE VISIT.

JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT.

JOHN HENRY ENTERTAINS FRIENDS

JOHN HENRY PLAYS PING PONG.

“‘It’s Up to You’ stares out from the yellow cover. From a mere passing sight at the familiar cheese-cloth binding and the portrait of the faultless gentleman in the choker, one might easily think it was an old wandering copy of the original ‘John Henry’; one hardly dares hope it is a new edition of that worthy’s confidence. But it is. And John Henry stabs us with his sentiment. He commences: ‘Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.’s affections.’ Then he delightfully tells us how he won out from the ‘other six society shines.’ The chapter explaining his method of dragging papa’s and mama’s consent away from them is clogged with many smiles, and before the finish of the honeymoon trip, the ‘holler’ is certainly ‘Up to You!’ After a bit John Henry hunts a flat. The finding of the flat is the richest slice of the book. He does more—he lives in it—with the consent of the folks above and below; he entertains and concludes the third little volume of his spicy adventures with a game of ping-pong. Now, never mind—All men make mistakes.

“We have not heard near so much about John Henry as we have of ping-pong; we sincerely hope to learn more of the former,

and we fervently pray to be delivered from the latter. However, in the midst of the plague, the half million special newspaper scribes who issue a column of unintelligible rot daily concerning the silly game should each secure a copy of 'Its Up to You' and learn how to write descriptions of ping-pong. It is there with all the lucidity of a press prize fight story. If you must ring in an old subject do it well—and perhaps you will be forgiven.

"There is nothing very long, or broad, or deep in the John Henry books. A man who attempts to criticise a hearty laugh wastes his time, besides betraying his lack of a good dinner. We have heard the tales of John Henry were often written in a single night, and that their first mission was to advertise certain other things, but we will gladly say nothing about it. They are a decided success; they are not copies of things we have read before; they are the cleverest bits of writing yet received from the pen of George V. Hobart. Let us hope that the train boys will not stop selling them."—*Baltimore Herald*.

**“Back to the Woods,”** the fourth of the John Henry series, is without exaggeration one hearty laugh from cover to cover. The cleverly conceived plot and the extremely comic incidents in this book form the basis of the “John Henry” play now so successfully touring the United States.

## CONTENTS OF “BACK TO THE WOODS.”

JOHN HENRY'S LUCKY DAYS.  
JOHN HENRY'S GHOST STORY.  
JOHN HENRY'S BURGLAR.  
JOHN HENRY'S COUNTRY COP.  
JOHN HENRY'S TELEGRAM.  
JOHN HENRY'S TWO QUEENS.  
JOHN HENRY'S HAPPY HOME.

“This new ‘John Henry’ book is really the best of the four written and further portrays the fortunes and misfortunes of John Henry, Clara Jane, Uncle Peter, Bunch, Aunt Martha and Tacks.”—*New England Stationer*.

“The many friends of John Henry will warmly welcome his reappearance in the pages of Hugh McHugh’s latest yarn, ‘Back to the Woods.’ His thoroughly up-to-date slang and infectious humor have lost nothing of their freshness since this breezy man about town was last with us.”—*Newark News*.

“We will wager that over the whole story the reader will laugh his money’s worth. A small, well charged, effective book.”—*Evening Sun*.

“‘Back to the Woods,’ the story of a fall from grace, which for effervescent humor and sparkling wit, quaint and original twists of satire and ludicrous situations is so far superior to like late books as to justly merit being regarded as a classic in up-to-date slang.”—*N. Y. American*.

**“Out for the Coin” the fifth in the John Henry series was received with shouts of approval. It made new friends on sight.**

CONTENTS OF “OUT FOR THE  
COIN.”

JOHN HENRY AND WALL STREET.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HORSE TRAINER.

JOHN HENRY AND THE SOUSE THING.

JOHN HENRY AND THE TWO DIPPY BOYS.

JOHN HENRY AND THE ORPHAN SKATES.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BIG RACE.

JOHN HENRY AND THE STRONG FINISH.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

George V. Hobart, alias “Hugh Mc-Hugh,” the author of the “John Henry” books, has, in a very short time, made remarkable progress toward the top of the ladder to the rungs of which American humorists are clinging. Billy Baxter and Chimmie Fadden—even Mr. Dooley himself—find themselves required to hold tight with both hands and climb with might and main to keep out of the way of John Henry. Indeed, it is safe to say that as an exponent

of American slang John Henry is first, and his compeers are fighting for second, third and fourth. The John Henry slang is so slangy it is classical. And it is deliciously and absurdly funny.

The latest of the John Henry books is "Out for the Coin." Hobart is fortunate, and almost unique among present day "funny men"—in that the more he writes the funnier he gets. Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. None of his "stuff" is "boiler plate" nor "filler"; it is all good—all the very best of its kind.

"Out for the Coin" can be read in an hour—or less. It is little, but oh, my! It tells about Wall street, horses, and horse races in the choicest slang. Every line is slangy—half the words are so—and, to the Western culture, at all events, every bit of it is new. Put "Out for the Coin" on the list of books you are going to buy—or borrow—if you enjoy the vernacular in new guise and humor that is rare and racy.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

A sparkling little comedy in slang is John Henry's latest adventure, "Out for the Coin."

"John Henry" is too well known to the

reading public to need an introduction. To say he is here again means there will be a rush of his old friends and a stampede of new ones to meet him.

He is one of those celebrities everyone wants to know, not only because one likes to speak of such acquaintances, but because one thoroughly enjoys his company.

This time in his jolly encounter with life, he gets tangled up with Wall street and the race track—a combination calculated to break almost anyone—in spirit as well as pocketbook. But he goes through it with his usual cheerful serenity, and comes out a winner.

That he sees more humor in the situation than anyone else could find, goes without saying. It is a smile, a chuckle, a laugh from cover to cover.

His classical slang, if one might so call it, brings mental ejaculations of “clever” every other page. There is nothing forced about it. Capitals are not needed to impress its point. It is absolutely natural, absolutely original and absolutely funny. The most familiar things come up in this dress, and while saying “How do” in a friendly way, make you chuckle at their clever new garb.  
—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

The latest and the best of the John Henry books is "Out for the Coin," from the presses of the Dillingham Company of New York. In "Out for the Coin" you see John Henry at his best. Here is some of the most delightfully appropriate and original slang and some of the most pleasing situations Hugh McHugh has yet produced. The author describes a modern horse race in a manner that rivals the chariot race description in "Ben Hur"—the story of the race is so well told with the aid of a negro bystander that one almost feels compelled to throw his hat into the air and cheer the winner. Those who are following John Henry's career look forward to Mr. McHugh's books as they look forward toward vacation time, and if Mr. McHugh can always write as he has written in "Out for the Coin," he will never want for a big and appreciative following.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.



